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DURAZZO;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

RECEIVED
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MAY 18 1823
NEW-YORK

BY JAMES HAYNES,
AUTHOR OF "CONSCIENCE."—A TRAGEDY.

*Is performed at the London and New-York
Theatres, with great success.*

NEW-YORK :

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, ^{copy 2}



NEW-YORK.

THE KING,.....Mr. Foot.
BENOUCAR, ... Maywood.
DURAZZO, ... Cooper.
ALONZO, ... Simpson.
PEREZ, ... Reed.
GARCIA, ... Clark.
ANTONIO, ... Woodhull.
MOORISH CHIEF.

Z-LINDA, ...Miss Johnson.
LEONORA.
ABBESS.
NUN.

Lords, Citizens, Herald, Attendants, &c.

SCENE.—Grenada.

167982

11

DURAZZO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Garcia's House.

Enter GARCIA and ANTHONIO.

ANT. So Spain has lost the battle. 'Twas a plot
Of deep contrivance, though of fearful risk,
To set suspicion whispering through the camp,
Till each his fellow doubted.

GAR. In the stretch
Of our designs we must not stop at hazard.
The king, whose weakness hath prepared revolt,
Totters upon his throne. His fall achieved,
Grenada's kingdom hails me for its lord :
By solemn compact with the Moor, 'tis mine
If once our gates receive him. Thence in course
Of fair succession it descends to you,
My nephew and my true inheritor.

ANT. But is the Moor advancing on our city?

GAR. Not yet. Alonzo must be first recall'd,
And, in his place, a friend to our intents
Appointed.

ANT. Should it not be done with speed?

GAR. Even now a messenger is in the camp
To summon him before Grenada's council.

ANT. 'Tis said he bore him nobly on that day,
Whose failure we upbraid him with.

GAR. He did,
But not successfully.

ANT. Yet in his fame,
He'll find support. Then he has friends.

GAR. What friends ?
Friends found in sunshine, to be lost in storm :
ANT. True ; but still Benducar is not one of
those.

GAR. We know not
Until he's tried ; but let him do his utmost.
You've heard me speak of our Durazzo ?

ANT. I remember it.

GAR. He vaunts to be a Spaniard born ; yet
some
Few years ago from foreign lands he came,
A stranger to our state, with ample means,
But no respectful mention. To the poor
He has been ever liberal ; and hence
They watch his looks for leave to think ; and act
As if their minds were vassal to his bounty.

ANT. I've heard he is of weight.

GAR. But note, beside ;
He, in his turn, is ready at the door
Of greater men, to do small offices,
And grow into their notice. If his art
Should rouse the people, we might reap the gain,
And nothing fear from his ambition.

ANT. Would you advise him of our purposes ?

GAR. No farther than may serve to crush
Alonzo.

ANT. 'Tis worth some thought.

GAR. He will be here anon,
By my appointment, to attend our pleasure.

Enter a SERVANT.

GAR. How now ?

SER. My lord, a stranger prays to see you ;
His name, Durazzo.

GAR. Bid him to approach.
(*exit Servant.*)

You'll find his aptness fitting, as I told you.
Judge for yourself—observe.

Enter DURAZZO.

DUR. My lord, though here
At your command, I fear my zeal hath bro't me
Too soon; but on a motion I retire.

GAR. The time suits well, Durazzo; sit you
down.

DUR. Nay, not in such a presence. Good my
lord,

The king's advising counsellors partake
A portion of the royalty they guide,
And in his absence are his substitutes:
I dare not sit.

GAR. My lord Anthonio, know
This man for one of merit.

ANT. Sir, I greet you.

DUR. Why to this honor I am raised, I know
not,

But I would fain deserve it at your hands.

GAR. Have you not large acquaintance with
the people?

DUR. I am well known.

GAR. And influence?

DUR. As much

As falls to the particular lot of any
Who, like myself, with good intent alone
Purchase opinion of their countrymen.

ANT. What say your fellows of our late defeat?

DUR. Sometimes they murmur.

GAR. Are they not enraged

As we are all? O! how the Moor will stride;

And lift his dusky brow, to think that Spain
For once has felt him!

DUR. If I might presume
To speak on such high matter—

GAR. How! presume!
The winds that blow the rumor in your face,
Demand an answer from your passions.

DUR. Then,
As I have leave to pour my feeling forth
Without restraint before you, I will own
What pride I had was in my country's greatness,
Her fame in arms. The meanest citizen
Can claim his share of boast therein, for he
Had equals in the ranks that earn'd the glory.
To see her greatness sunk; her fame eclipsed;
And by the infidel on whom we trod
But sixteen moons before, the vanquish'd slave
Our conqueror, the beaten our chastiser!
O! if to speak my thoughts were not t'offend
The masters of my action, I would raise
A voice within this city.—But I have
Forgot myself and you.

GAR. Not so, Durazzo;
Your words are but an echo to the thoughts
That in us swell. Alonzo wrong'd you once.

DUR. He shew'd me some contempt.

GAR. Of course you felt it?

DUR. So far as nature in her law provides:
But she's a quick performer; sudden lights
Her anger up, and soon it dies away.

ANT. Benducar, too, repulsed you, as 'tis said?

DUR. In the same cause. My purpose was to
serve

Against the Moor, and with an honest arm
Work out a station in the social frame

Of this community. Wealth I had some ;
And knowledge, some of books, but more of men,
Caught in the noisy schooling of the world :
But still I had no place. They sneer'd at me ;
My heart rose once or twice, but that was all ;
For I was weak in power, and nothing proud ;
And they had fashion's privilege to flout me.

GAR. Can you not now retort ?

DUR. Who, I, my lord ?

GAR. Aye, you or any. If the mouth can praise,
The mouth can blame—the mouth can bite !

DUR. My Lord !

GAR. You scan this late disaster like a man
Who loves his country's honor. To redeem
The lustre of her fame—to vindicate
Her fall among the nations, 'twere of use
Example should be made. Alonzo led
Our heroes to defeat. Alonzo, therefore,
He who could sneer at others, he should be
The scorn of every candid tongue. Where are
The people—that they call not for his life,
Surround the palace gates, and shake the throne ?
Where are the people ? you, who know their
mind,

Awake it, and your wishes shall look at your
Reward with wonder !

DUR. I am wonder-struck already ;
To think that I, the child of pale neglect,
Should thus be pick'd and chosen from the mass
To serve your lofty need, and the state's interest !
As I perform, so let me prosper in
Your graces—the reward, the only one
My zeal can ask or merit.

GAR. Lose no time ;
You'll find the people in the public square

Full of strange fancies and imaginings,
By fear and anger bred upon defeat
One word of dark suspicion or reproach
Would set them in a flame.

DUR. Expect to see it.
If there be any faith in destiny,
(And I have much,) the colour of my life
Was made for this occasion.

GAR. Should you meet
Benducar there, accost him.

DUR. Can you doubt
He's for Alonzo ?

GAR. We must be certain.

DUR. I'll prove him, and report him as I prove.

GAR. Farewell, my friend.

DUR. Farewell, my noble patrons.

(Exit Durazzo.

GAR. What think you of our new ally ?

ANT. As one

Whose service we must use, having no choice.

GAR. You like him not.

ANT. His early sleep of pride

One ray of fortune would awake to daring.

I read it in his eye.

GAR. He seems to bend

His very soul before us.

ANT. True—he seems :

But these are ceremonials oft put on.

GAR. Be it so ;

Still we must use him, as you say. But come ;

The king expects us, and his ear will need

Some poison yet, to kill Alonzo's praises.

[*exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A public square.*

DURAZZO and a crowd of Citizens appear; Durazzo as having addressed them.

FIRST CIT. Huzza! huzza! Durazzo was ever the friend of the people: he advises well. To the palace—to the palace; there to demand justice on Alonzo.

ALL. To the palace. Huzza!

DUR. Yet be not rash; my speech, I doubt, was warm—

It may be wrong; but, as my heart conceived,
My tongue has uttered. I would have you firm,
But nothing violent. Thus shall your cause
Find favor; your dishonor, full redress.—

Peace, my friends;

Peace in the city, conduct in the field,

And justice on the throne: be this your motto,
And prosper.

ALL. Huzza! huzza!

FIRST CIT. We mean no violence; nothing
but justice on a traitor.

Enter BENDUCAR.

BEN. Who talks of traitors?

FIRST CIT. I, and every honest man.

SECOND CIT. Alonzo is a traitor.

BEN. Have you no reason, no respect for law,
No conscience, that unheard you thus condemn
A hero, with whose praises you have made
Confusion in the clouds, 'till clamour let
Their thunders loose to echo your rejoicings?

FIRST CIT. Who is this spokesman?

DUR. 'Tis Benducar speaks;

A veteran warrior, and Alonzo's friend.

FIRST CIT. Why, he blusters like the mouth of a cannon.

BEN. 'Tis sign the state lacks vigor and control,

When in the common streets, the common crowd
Usurp from our tribunals, and impeach,
Convict, or justify, as winds may blow
Their arbitration.

FIRST CIT. This lord has no more respect for a poor man, than if he had bought our carcasses for the sake of our hides.

DUR. If we, the crowd, are prone to shift about,

'Tis you, the great ones of a nation, make
The weather that we veer in. When your friend
Alenzo fought and conquer'd, he had praise ;
Now, when he slights the battle, 'tis not change,
But constancy of mind, that gives a tone
To suit our quick displeasure.

Your pride would seem
To call us brutes in dullness ; but we have
One instinct, sir, to know our enemies,—
Another to revenge our wrongs.

BEN. Thou slave !——
But I have lost all patience.

SECOND CIT. There, you hear he wants patience ! He is mad enough to lose his temper, and fool enough to acknowledge it. Come to the palace !—to the palace !

ALL. Huzza ! huzza ! [*exeunt Mob shouting.*]

DUR. You look'd at me : what would you say ?

BEN, The worst
My tongue could utter, and not then enough
To paint your baseness.

DUR. Think you, then, 'tis base

To love my country, and to shew some sign
Of grief and anger, when her blood's betray'd ?

BEN. The charge is false. Betray'd ! how—
betray'd ?

DUR. Was not the battle lost, and lost by men
Of Spain,—by chosen men,—by men who knew
The face of Death, and were not raw spectators
Of his gaunt form ? Why, they had shaken hands
With him before in man a glorious field.

And now to fly !—Yet, as you say, 'tis false—
It may be that Alonzo is reviled

Unjustly—Spain abused—and the repute
Of this great empire made a mock for nothing.

BEN. Whether to smile at your presumption,
or

To wonder most, I know not, He who lost
The field that day fought with an arm as brave
As ever led to conquest. Those who fled
Must answer for themselves ; but not to you,
Nor such as you.

DUR. I'm glad Alonzo finds one tongue, at
least

To brave the public voice.

BEN. The public voice !

There's not an arrant rogue in Spain but calls
The wretched raving of his paltry gang

"*The public voice*:" nay, those who dare not
speak

Above their breath, for fear of punishment,
Will whisper forth that voice, if you believe
Their timid accents.

DUR. Let him come—

Aye, let him. If the people have not hands
Made but to dangle at their sides alone,
There is a sinew in the multitude

May clutch your idol You'll believe the storm
When you behold the oak upon the ground.

BEN. Come to me, then, and ask.

DUR. I've spoken to
As lofty men. Perchance in mine own breast
There sits a counsellor, whose fiery thought
But little weighs the station or degree
Of those it copes withal. If wither'd age
Could shake my nerve, I had not sought your
aid

To place me where the battle struggles hardest.

BEN. Forgive me, I mistook your alter'd tone:
'Twas then submission.

DUR. But the boon it ask'd
Was danger.

BEN. And you spit your venom now
On those who knew you better than to trust you.
I read your motive ; had we not despised
Your fawning tricks, but placed you o'er your
betters,

This patriot burst had never stunn'd the crowd.

DUR. It may be so ; for I had likelier fallen,
Than live to talk of it : and yet, methinks,
I might have been entrusted with a post
In such an army, and not spoil'd its fighting !

BEN. Away !—

DUR. When I have done.

BEN. Then stay, and finish.

Avoid me ; 'tis not safe to try me farther.

[*exit Benducar.*]

DUR. A threat !—I'll follow, tho' he were
a fiend,

And taunt him, though he scaled a precipice.

[*exit Durazzo.*]

Enter ZELINDA and LEONORA.

ZEL. Was that my father?

LEON. 'Twas Benducar's voice

And figure; who the other was I know not.

ZEL. They seem'd to hold an angry conference.

LEON. I thought so.

ZEL. Leonora, I'm undone!

LEON. What means my friend? My dear Zelinda, speak.

In stormy times like these canst think it strange
That men will quarrel? Fear not; 'tis so much
A habit now, revenge is never thought on;
Men give their speech a license from the time,
As mariners swear loudest when the sea
Runs mountain high.

ZEL. Alas! you know not how
My heart is torn. That stranger—did you
mark?

He saved my life—he won my love; but now,
Not knowing who my father is, hard chance!
He ruins ev'ry hope, offending him.

LEON. Amazement! Said you not he saved
your life?

ZEL. One evening, in the wood that skirts
the city,

I wander'd forth alone. The weary sun
Had stoop'd his forehead from the mountain brow
When from an ambush sprung two ruffians arm'd,
And bent their steps where motionless I stood.
I dropp'd upon my knees: Heaven heard the
prayer

That rose in thought and terror; for behind me
Stood a deliverer silent and unseen,

He rush'd between the danger and his charge,
And fought a gallant fight :—it was that stranger !
The ruffians fled before him ; he return'd,
Smiled tenderness, encouraged, raised me up,
Bathed my hot temples in the running stream ;
Then mild in soothing words he led me on,
Retraced my way, nor left me 'till in safety.

LEON. But how, a stranger still ? Did you
not ask
The name of your deliverer ?

ZEL. I did ;
But all in vain He told me that a cloud
Hung o'er the fortunes of his house, and he
Must needs reveal the story of his fate
With mention of his name. In fine, he pray'd me
To meet him once again ; and with his hand
He pointed out a suburb walk, where, time
And leisure serving, he would give mine ear
To know his strange o'ershadow'd history.

LEON. You went ?

ZEL. Before the day appointed came,
My father, on a distant journey bound,
Took me along : since then I never saw,
'Till now, the man whom next himself I honor.

LEON. Renounce this sudden passion, and
incline
To know no more of one so dark—mysterious.
Remember 'tis your father's will that you
Should wed Alonzo.

ZEL. Would I could forget it !
Whatever side I turn me is despair.

LEON. The richest boon that Heaven can
grant you now,
Is ne'er to see that stranger.

ZEL. Say you so ?

Then are my riches sorrow.—But, behold !
My father comes, and with him—mighty heav'n!
It is Alonzo !

LEON. Nay, be firm, sweet friend ;
Support this meeting : all will yet be well.

Enter BENDUCAR and ALONZO.

BEN Zelinda, from thy father take in pledge
Of happier days to come, a hero's hand.
He has his tugs with fickle Fortune too ;
But thine is not a soul, my tender girl,
To slight a brave man in calamity.

ZEL. Most welcome, Sir, to Spain. [*To Alon.*

ALON. But more to thee ?

ZEL. So far as friendship may have leave to
say so.

BEN. Come, you must lay those maiden airs
aside,

And talk of love and wedlock. If he need
Another claim, to give his suit the force
Of gratitude, know that your father's life
'Twas his to save, when, some few moments
since,

A villain drew upon me.

ZEL. O, my father !

And would a wretch profane——

BEN. I smote him first

For his presumption

ZEL. How ! a blow !—are blows
For men, who, in their high aspirings, look
At Heaven, and see their image in the thought
They catch of the Divinity ?

BEN. What means
The frantic girl ?

LEON. Nothing, my Lord ; or but—
A sudden illness. Speak not thus, in mercy.—
[*To Zelinda.*

BEN. 'Tis well my friend Alonzo took my part
Warmer than mine own child. Our clashing
swords

Had else in vain conducted him to where
The strong assailant put me on defence. .
But he shall be my son, and this good act
Perform'd, while on his way to meet his foes
At home shall prove an happy augury.

ZEL. Is the offender slain ?

ALON. Zelinda, no ;
I beat their weapons down, and parted them.

ZEL. Thank Heaven and thee, Alonzo !

(Falls into Leonora's arms.)

ALON. Ha !—she faints !

LEON. No, my lord, 'tis weakness, and will
pass.

The sudden shock her father's danger gave
Hath brought this lowness on : 'tis nothing more ;
I'll guide her hence ; anon she will be better.

*Exeunt Leonora and Zelinda—the latter
supported by the former.*

BEN. What could her strong emotion mean ?
There is

One fear I would not let my mind indulge.

ALON. Durazzo was not named ; or, if he was
'Twere hardly possible her choice could stoop
So low, as for his sake to feel alarm.

BEN. At least we'll hope so 'till the worst
appear ;
And then—but I'll not threaten.

ALON. We do wrong
To doubt her prudence. Of the quarrel, though,
Between Durazzo and yourself, my lord,
I had not time to ask you how that could happen.

BEN. I should have scorn'd him, but 'tis hard
to hear

One's friend traduced.

ALON.

What said he ?

BEN.

Nothing—but

Was insolent.

ALON.

You struck him in your rage ;
'Twas not for nothing you could lift your arm
Against a thing so worthless.

BEN.

Nay, he call'd

My friend a--coward !

ALON.

Coward !—ha !

(Attempting to draw.

BEN.

Put up

Your sword ; the touch has justified my fury.

ALON. I own 'twas hard to bear—Durazzo—

Well,

No matter : we shall meet when fate decrees,
And part when Death makes his election.

BEN. Too long we dwell upon a worthless
theme ;

Let's change it for a nobler, and discourse,
Like soldiers, of the war.

ALON.

Ah ! there again .

My wrongs cry out. Before the battle join'd,
'Twas so contriv'd, that, in the soldiers' tents
Were papers dropp'd, insinuating plots
Of treachery, concerted with the Moor
For their destruction.

BEN.

How ! by you concerted ?

ALON. By me, their leader, who would rather sell

My soul in open contract to the fiend,
Than indirectly thus devote myself.

BEN. And fled they ?

ALON.

On the first attack, like sheep,

From their own fears they fled. I stood my
ground,

'Twas on a hillock, there resolved to die
Without their view. Some matchless spirits rush'd
To share my fate : and with such odds against us
We met the charge, that you would think the
souls

Of men, and not their bodies, were embattled.

BEN. Fought they so fiercely ?

ALON. With the tiger's rage,
By man's high thought ennobled: long we fought
'Till what was mortal in us sank beneath
What was immortal. Then my comrades fell
For very weariness ; but, on his face
Did each man fall, and in his frown expire,
And, sword in hand, cut forward to his grave.
I sank exhausted too ; but Heaven would have
My life preserved : cover'd with blood I rose,
And once I look'd upon the field, and saw
My silent heroes :—if the tears I shed
Could speak, their country could not be un-
grateful

BEN. Ungrateful !—no : the nation's heart
will leap

To hear this story.—But how happened it
The others fought not, when they saw your arm
In earnest, and the proof in havoc round you ?

ALON. Some were suborn'd ; the rest were
panic-struck,
And fled.

BEN. Yet by what chance did you escape
Captivity ?

ALON. Left on the field for dead,
I took advantage of the coming night,
And to the camp return'd ; when soon arrived

The summons for my prompt appearance here,
To answer, in my place, the guilt of others.

BEN. Trust to your cause and character: if
they
Should fail,—trust to that other hope, which,
though
Unknown to vulgar minds, inspires the noble
To bear misfortunes rightly.

ALON. What is that?

BEN. The sentence of posterity.

ALON. Let faction do its worst; I will look
forward,
And so be firm. *(exeunt.)*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Durazzo's House.

Enter DURAZZO and PEREZ.

PER. Yet, sir, be patient. Such a wrong is sure
Some time to be revenged.

DUR. If, while my blood
Was hot, I struck him dead, 'twere well; but not
On after-thought.

PER. The pride that lifts you thus
Should pacify you too: I thought the news
You heard but now, would have subdued all
passion
To make a way for mourning.

DUR. Poor Vincenzo!
And is he dead? Well, he is safe from insult.
How did the messenger report of him?
My mind was rack'd too fiercely to attend.

PER. The story was a brief one, told without

Parade of circumstance, and meant no more
Than that your friend his mortal wound received
In battle, fighting by Alonzo's side :
That, to his tent convey'd, he wrote in pain
This letter of farewell, produced to you
By the same messenger. (*Giving a letter.*

DUR. It may be made
Some use of. Was the life extinct before
He left the camp who brought it? said he so?
PER. The last cold breath was drawn.

(*Knocking without.*

DUR. Go see who knocks. (*exit Perez.*
This hand reminds me of our playful days,
Ere I was cursed with hopeless pride, or felt
The spurn of insult Now, could I employ
His memory to profit my revenge,
'Twere like an act of posthumous regard
Done by his spirit. Ha! My lord, good morrow;
I look'd not for this honour.

Enter GARCIA.

GAR. I have heard
Of old Benducar's roughness.

DUR. Yes, a blow
Was somewhat rough. 'Tis true his hand was
feeble,
But if a giant's sinews struck me down,
They could not brand me with a deeper shame
Than his insulting blow.

GAR. Restrain this passion :
You think too much of it.

DUR. I do submit
Myself to your good wisdom, that I ought
To feel as others feel such injury.
The beggar has his feelings.

GAR. Trust in my faith ; he shall repair
the wrong.

DUR. Repair he cannot, but he should repent it.

GAR. I came to you on other business now,
Of greater moment than an old man's rage.
Alonzo is arrived, the King has named
This day to hear his accusation.

DUR. That's somewhat sudden:

GAR. Somewhat startling too ;
For, though the fact will speak full strongly of
Itself, the time allows not to provide,
By witness, confirmation of our cause,
Such as no doubt can tarnish.

DUR. I am grieved
To hear of this.

GAR. There are some men, Durazzo,
Of upright mind, who, once assured of guilt,
As you and I can warrant of Alonzo's,
Would stretch a little in particulars,
To nerve as 'twere, the arm of justice, lest
By accident it fail.

DUR. And you would have
The same precaution taken ?

GAR. Could I find
A person capable, and so disposed,
My wish is to make sure.

DUR. I hate Alonzo.
He is Benducar's friend—I think him guilty,—
I know him proud.—He spurned my service
once—

And even now when proud Benducar smote me,
He stepped between me and my just revenge ;
Therefore, I'm yours to think,
Contrive and execute, whatever best

May cut off one, or both, or all together.

GAR. But am I safe to trust you?

DUR. Trust not me:

No;—but trust my wrongs, my rage, my curses.
 Revenge shall be my voucher;
 For as I had no pride or eminence
 Above the worm, but in the form of man,
 The blow, that hath debased that form, allies
 And links it to revenge. There is no force
 In words or bonds, in vows or oaths, to give
 Assurance so complete as enmity
 Breathing in silence.

GAR. I accept the pledge,
 And thus adopt you in my confidence.

DUR. Then hear me. In the battle fell a
 youth

Much noticed of Alonzo for his deeds:
 My playmate when a child. He wrote to me
 Upon his dying bed—no matter what—
 Enough to know he wrote; and it is known
 To all the camp beside. What if I bring
 This witness from the grave to do the work
 You think the living only can accomplish.

GAR. Proceed—explain.

DUR. I know to imitate
 His written style, as glass or water send
 The features back, without a line neglected.
 In such a sort I'll pen a grievous charge;
 As if the gallant victim made complaint
 Of treachery, and fix'd it on Alonzo.

GAR. Do that—succeed in that, and name
 the wealth
 That shall reward you.

DUR. Were the stock of Cræsus
 Within your gift, it could not bribe me to

This desperate act. My longings are not sordid ;
Should you still

Persist in recompense, my terms are these,
None other. If my fortune be to fail,
Pursue me to the grave. I would not live ;
'Twill look the more like innocence in you,
And will be real mercy. If I thrive,
Let not Alonzo suffer more than exile :
Give me the means to pay Benducar's blow :
Afford me some condition in the state,
And ratify the peace 'twixt me and mankind.

GAR. Whoe'er thou art, mysterious mortal,
thy
Commands are sacred. But 'tis fit we part,
'Till in the Court, before the king, our project
Is put to test.

DUR. The sooner now the better.
Perez ! *[exit Garcia.*

Enter PEREZ.

DUR. Set ink and paper in my chamber,
And see that none approach.

PER. Sir, I obey. *[exit Perez.*

DUR. In Court to plead, before the King,
against

The greatest man o' the state !
Now artifice be true to me. The task
I undertake is hazardous and foul,
But full of mighty purpose.

Kings ere now have waded
Through brothers' blood to empire : children
have

Trod on the neck of parents in their march
To bright ambition. 'Tis not so with me :
I push but foes aside : make good my passage
Through crowds of scornful and injurious men,

No shock to nature or affection giving
In the condition of my enterprize.
Too long have I been humble. Now to prove
The inborn spark ascendant o'er the mass
Of vile obstruction : To Court—to Court !
These weeds shall soon be doff'd for golden
suits ;

While the proud stature, and the lofty mein.
Instruct the world that I was born for greatness.
[Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter BENDUCAR and ALONZO.

BEN. The king, methinks, grows wary ;—
'twas a prompt
Decision, to allow so short a space
Between your trial and your coming home.

ALON. 'Tis better for the better cause.

BEN. We will on to Court
Among the first ; 'twill shew an eagerness
Befitting well your innocence.

ALON. I'm ready.

BEN. Soft you, Zelinda comes. Go thou
before,
And wait my presence in the audience-hall,
Where with my best dispatch, I'll follow you.
[Exit Alonzo.

How buried in her own surmise she seems !
I'll tax her indirectly with the doubt
That cross'd my mind, and haunts it still. How
now !

Enter ZELINDA.

ZEL. My father !

BEN. Start you, then, to find him here ?

ZEL. 'Twas but a foolish tremor of the nerve ;
Such as the languid spirits oft give way to,
When happiest and safest.

BEN. I would have
A word with you ; it will not take you long
To hear a simple story, not without
Its meaning, daughter.

ZEL. 'Tis my duty, Sir,
In tale or precept, to attend your wisdom.

BEN. I had a lambkin once, when I was young,
And in my arms I used to bear about
The woolly favourite : I fed it from
My hand with herbs, the sweetest I could find
Along the water's brink. It knew my voice,
And trotted at my call ; but when it grew
To greater strength, it left me—join'd the flock,
Got wild, and wander'd :—I remember still
The pain I felt at brute ingratitude.

ZEL. What should I draw from thence ?

BEN. No blame to that
Poor native of the field ; it was its instinct :
The bleating flock it join'd spoke its own lan-
guage ;
Mine was a foreign tongue. But had it been
A human favourite—a creature skill'd
To weigh my words, to read my thoughts, to
trace

The fondness here abiding,—and it left me ;
Or if a daughter, and deserted me—
Would you not say that nature had betray'd
Her trust, to make a devil by creation ?
Ha ! do you shrink ?

ZEL. Your manner and your eye
Flash fear upon my soul.

BEN. I have not leisure
 For closer question now—Alonzo waits.
 But be the issue of this day or good
 Or bad, so he but live,—look you obey me ;
 The priest is ready to unite your hands,
 The guests are bidden to the solemn rite,
 And nought remains but your consent to crown
 The ceremony.

ZEL. How !—so soon, my father ?

BEN. Remember 'tis my will, and must be so.
[*exit.*

ZEL. Now is the measure of my woes complete.
 To be Alonzo's wife !—the horrid thought
 Creeps like some living reptile o'er my brain,
 And threatens madness ! Do I rave already ?

Enter DURAZZO.

DUR. 'Tis she herself ! Oh, what a lip is
 there !
 It speaks in silence to the soul of man,
 And beauty is its language.

ZEL. What to do
 I know not ; what I ought's impossible.

DUR. Turn not away. Speak, prithee—
 speak again ;
 For not the Thracian bard could touch a string
 So melting sweet, when plaintive Echo stole
 His music on the waters of Despair,
 As in that accent bless'd me.

ZEL. For my life,
 I ought to bless you in the truest sense
 Of blessing—by my earnest prayers to Heav'n ;
 Yet if you knew my name——

DUR. Pronounce the word ;

My heart is listening.

ZEL. Search through your memory for such
a name

As, with its hateful odour, turns the breath
Of mention to a curse.

DUR. In all the world

There is but one.

ZEL. Then you can name my father.

DUR. Oh misery ! and are the station'd plan-
ets on the watch,

That good approach me not.

ZEL. Forgive my father ;—

Forgive him for Zelinda's sake.

DUR. The blow

Hath reach'd my mind. Forgetfulness, that used
To walk with time, performing offices

Upon the earth that would become an angel,

Is buried in the centre,

And never, never more will visit me.

How can I then forgive ?

ZEL. By thinking on

His daughter's love, who weeps to own she
loves you.

DUR. Bright angels catch the sound, and
bear it on

Your silver wings to blend with my ambition.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

But hark ! the trumpet's tongue proclaims the
court

Convened. Sweet, we must part ; yet, ere I go,
On promise grant me ; never, come what will,
To wed Alonzo.

ZEL. Never.

DUR. One thing more,

For my sake wear this ring ; that sparkling
hoop

Of your's exchange with me ; then if the bolt

[*They exchange rings.*

Drop down, by rule or random, on my head,
Be sure, if time allow, I'll kiss this token,
And bless you, ere I die. Farewell—farewell.

[*exit.*

ZEL. What have I done ? how shall I meet
my father ?

How bear his look of anger ? and the ring—
Ha ! 'twas my mother's ring ; I gave it in
Mistake. Avert this omen, gracious Heaven,
Which seems to threaten ruin and despair.

[*exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Hall of State.*

*The KING seated on his Throne. The NOBLES
ranged on each side. GARCIA, ANTHONIO,
BENDUCAR, ALONZO, and Attendants standing.*

KING. Here, in our Court, before the as-
sembled Peers

Of Spain, Lord Garcia, freely speak your mind ;
That if the Moor hath conquer'd, not by force,
Or skill superior, but by treachery
In your own troops or leaders, we may know
Our enemy betimes, nor waste abroad
The vengeance due at home.

GAR. To your high mandate,
I bow with prompt obedience ; and attach,
In virtue of mine office, Don Alonzo
As traitor to the state His skill is known ;
His valor oft was tried, and never questioned ;
'Till skill and valor were at length subdued
By Moorish hands, which dealt in bribes—not
blows.

ALON. In bribes !

GAR. The word is harsh, I will confess ;
Even as I speak, I taste its bitterness :
But truth must needs be spoken.

BEN. Crush'd, you mean—
Stifled—dethroned—cast down, and 'trod upon
Like a base idol, when a statesman dares
To wrong an honest soldier.—You to cant
Of bribes ! is there no blush beneath that skin ?
You taste its bitterness ! the word should choke
you.

GAR. Again I do repeat my charge is such :
Upon what ground, if you will please to listen,
The proof shall tell.

KING. What is Alonzo's plea ?
Does he deny the accusation,
And rest upon his innocence ?

ALON. My judge,
My sovereign ; I would claim your pity first ;
That here I stand the victim of foul arts
Practised against mine honor. To be call'd
A traitor by a traitor, and accused
Of bartering for bribes my hard-earn'd fame,
My well-tried loyalty—to bear this done
With cold formality, and to be constrain'd
To formal answer and smooth argument,
'Spite of the impulse which my innocence
Touches with fire ; to talk like struggling guilt,
Instead of rushing on the miscreant's throat
Whose calumny hath thus reduced me. These
Are degradations, sufferings, and wrongs,
To move a monarch's pity.—If there be
A witness to be brought, e'en let him come—
I dare him. Yet, if falsehood hath a power,
Colleagu'd with arts of hell, to vanquish truth,

And make me seem to be the thing I am not,
I ask no pity then : e'en kill me on
The instant.

KING. Bring forth the witness.

GAR. Here he comes, so please
My Royal Master.—

Enter DURAZZO.

ALON. How!--Durazzo—he!

BEN. This!--what, is this your witness?—
Garcia tell me—

Antonio say—witness!--to what?—to acts
Done in the field, where he durst never peep?
This fellow! why, he never saw a battle
Save in a book, and then was thunder-struck.

KING. My lord Benducar, to your services,
And reverend age, we grant more licence than
Your wisdom ought to stretch into abuse.
Our pleasure is that we will hear this man.
Know you the cause why summoned thus you
stand

Before us?

DUR. At my sovereign's feet I kneel,
With heavy heart, to state such matter to
This grave assembly, as must needs affect
The fame of one exalted by the breath
Of noblest mention. If he fall through me,
From the high estimation which he holds
In right of past exploits, 'tis not that I
Am envious, and would wrong him, but that he
Was reckless, and hath wrong'd his own repute,
Discarding fame for lucre. Of myself,
'Tis true, as hath been said in scorn, I was not
Eye-witness to the conduct of the field;
They took good care of that; but o'er the grave

There is a lamp lit up by destiny,
In whose reflective and unnatural light
The things gone by are shadow'd; Look, Alonzo;
Know you that writing. (*Shewing a packet.*)

ALON. It should be Vincenzo's;
The gallant officer who served me well
Even to the last. O! would that he were here
To answer from his knowledge the invention
Of my accusers.

DUR. To the eye of power
And justice I commit the document,
Fall vengeance where it may!
(*Gives the packet to the king.*)

KING. (*reads.*) Ha! what is here? treason—
Alonzo, was this well?

ALON. How!
I'll not believe mine ears, that it is so
May I entreat to look upon the paper.—
If I can see. (*The king gives him the packet.*)

ALON. (*reading.*) “Fly to the king,
“And tell him, on the dying word of one
“Who shed his blood for Spain, that now too late
“Mine eyes are opened to Alonzo's baseness.
“'Tis certain he was bribed, and we betray'd,
“Surrender'd, sold; I can no more, for death
“Arrests my hand. Farewell! and deem no risk
“Too great to run, that may preserve your
country.”

I know not what to say—my senses turn
Against their owner. I could swear it was
His writing; but my knowledge of his mind,
His heart, his glorious spirit, gives the lie
To my astonish'd vision. Does it stand
To reason, that the comrade who made choice

To die with me, when thousands fled the field,
 Would on the brink and threshold of his grave,
 Stop, and turn round, to slander whom he fought
 for ?

I'll not believe it.

BEN.

No ; nor I—nor any.

'Tis false,—'tis forged,—a calumny against
 The living and the dead. Observe its structure:
 No circumstance detail'd ; no fact set forth
 With which to grapple ; but an accusation,
 Whose broad unmeaning face this artist here
 Would fain bedaub with false particulars
 To his own vicious liking. Fie upon't,
 This is a trick of cunning to avoid
 Detection, while it murders in the day.

DUR. When I adduce such false particulars,
 Expose—denounce then. I have utter'd none,
 Nor shall I. If the accusation hangs
 But loosely, 'tis good reason why Alonzo
 Should live, as in my soul I wish he may :
 But is it cause why he should still enjoy
 The royal confidence ? and, at the head
 Of armies, strike the blow, that must be nerved
 With honest, earnest, unsuspected zeal
 To reach the heart of opposition, and
 Let out the blood of enemies ? Besides,
 Look to the parts beyond dispute. Who fell ?
 Those who confided in the general :
 And who escaped ?—those who suspected him,
 And, shame to say, himself.

ALON.

Villain, 'tis false ;

There is no shame in fighting to the last,
 And being saved with honor. Is the will
 Of Heaven a proof against me ? By your leave—
 (*Snatches Benucar's sword.*)

There is a stretch of patience guilty-like—
I'll cut the slanderer down.

BEN. Consider, man, (*Holding Alonzo.*
The place—the presence.

ALON. Let my fury go.

BEN. We are but two.

ALON. And if but one, I care not:
What should I fear, who have a sword—a hand—
A heart—a quarrel—and—an injury!
O! 'tis the lion's fury, not his size,
That makes the forest tremble.

(*Breaking from him.*

ALL. Treason! treason!
(*rising from their seats.*

DUR. He threatens the king.

ALON. Abhorred fiend, thou liest.
Grant me your pardon, sire; 'twas want of pa-
tience,
Not of respect.

DUR. • Where patience is respect.

BEN. I pray your majesty forgive his rashness.

ALON. I pray your majesty pronounce my
doom,

Even as your thought inclines. If I'm a traitor,
Give me the traitors's fate: if not, acquit me.
That my brave comrades fell—that I surviv'd—
Is true; and if it be a crime in one
To 'scape, who never turn'd his back on danger,
'Tis meet that I should forfeit to the law
The penalty of such offending.

DUR. I have no more to say: my speech is
there—

That paper holds it: yet my gracious master,
If there be aught besides you wish to learn,
Touching the manner—how it came to hand—

Who bro't it—who was present when Vincenzo
Delivered it—and such corroborants,—
I will relate them now in open court ;
Or, if it better please, at other time,
And to your private ear.

BEN. What means the slave ?
Kings have no private ears, or should have none.

KING. Here break we up the court to meditate

Our final sentence. Meanwhile thou, Durazzo,
Attend us to our closet, where alone
We have some matter to investigate
Touching this cause ; the rest remain behind.

(exeunt King and Durazzo.)

BEN. *(aside to Alonzo.)* Our violence hath
ruin'd all,

ALON. No matter,—
They know our minds.

BEN. I fear the king is wroth.

ALON. I fear it not, for I am innocent.

GAR. My lord Benducar.

BEN. Did you name my name ?

GAR. It is not seemly, that a man of your
Repute should hold the prisoner in regard,
'Till his acquittal warrant such communion.

BEN. Indeed !

ANT. 'Tis not the practice.

BEN. May be not
The practice now. Yet 'twas a good old rule
That made necessity the test of friendship.
At my age habit has an awkward trick
Of putting off the fashions of the time,
To wear misused virtue, though 'tis laughed at.

GAR. The Herald comes.

ALON. I can look up and hear him.

Enter HERALD.

HER. Attend ye all the missive of the king.
In favor to Alonzo's past exploits,
The sentence is not death, but banishment,
To be in execution ere the night
Hath thinn'd Grenada's streets. This proclama-
tion

Gives the irrevocable force of law
To our dread monarch's breath.

BEN. Cheer up, my son ; this cruel injury
Shall bear my comment with it. Ere the night,
My daughter's hand is thine.

ALON. My noble friend,
My father, I'll endure mankind for thee
With all their crawling vices. Come, away !

BEN. Give me but leave to spend one hearty
curse
On those deservers.

GAR. We disdain your curse.

ALON. You may ;—he has not one to match
your baseness.

BEN. I have it in my heart—in gall—in ven-
om,—

But language is too weak. Hear, then, thou
Power

Who see'st it in its workings. Let it fall
With unexpressive horror on their heads,
That the fierce hope which now dries up my
tongue

May stick to them, like locusts to the grain,
That never more can nourish, nor be nourish'd.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

*The Street.**Enter GARCIA and ANTHONIO.*

ANT. 'Tis passing strange, the King should
so degrade

The rank of our nobility, to make
A present on't to one so meanly born—
For such a service too ! But is it certain
Durazzo claims equality with us,
And we must bear it ?

GAR. Some time since I join'd
The Council, in whose presence he was call'd,
And there saluted with his proud additions
By Royal mandate.

ANT. So this is the humility we thought
To make account of.

GAR. Nay, 'twill serve our cause,
By spreading discontent : wherefore, though,
harsh

And galling to our pride, our interest
May stomach it.

ANT. But what pretence—what show
Of reason, can the King advance to those
Who have no deep designs to reconcile
Their feelings ?

GAR. More than you would guess. Anthonio ;
For now it so turns out, that, having gain'd
The Monarch's favour.

This Durazzo proves himself
Descended of a stock ennobled once ;
And shews the claim of right to wear the title.
You've heard of Lord Gonsalvo ?

ANT. Many times.

GAR. An age hath 'lapsed since he for practices

Of magic science, which the people loathe—
The law forbids—religion execrates—
Was of his rank deprived, and banish'd hence
A wanderer.

ANT. So far I know the fate
Of that corrupted house.

GAR. The exile lived
A careful life ; and, dying, left his son,
Durazzo's father, what his prudence saved
From sequestration. Some while since the son
Died also, which brings down their history
Nigh to the point we speak of.

ANT. But how came
Durazzo to conceal his birth so long ;

GAR. Ere he changed
Italian skies for Spanish, in pursuit
Of his design, he task'd a beldam's skill
To prophesy of the event.

ANT. The taint
Was in the race. What said his counsellor ?

GAR. Foretold the prosperous issue of his
cause,

But one condition nam'd ;—that he should keep
The secret of his birth as close as frost
Knits up the waters, 'till by cunning, or
By chance, he gained familiar converse with
the king,

And then to speak.

ANT. 'Twas singular.

GAR. She said,
Moreover, that if he to other ears
Than those of Majesty first told his tale,

The gates of hope would shut on his endeavour.
He took her word, and triumph'd.

ANT. Is the king
Advised of this ?

GAR. He is : 'twas from his lips
I heard it now ; he from Durazzo's own :
But mark what I have since resolved upon,
E'en now I'm on my way
To meet him in his home, where, putting off
All ceremony, I will hold myself
As great ones o'er inferiors dominate.

ANT. And will he brook your haughty carriage
tamely ?

GAR. It shall be tried, at least. Do you,
my friend,
Meanwhile await the coming of our spies :
I look for notice of the Moor's approach
At every new arrival.

ANT. You shall find
My zeal awake.

GAR. Anon we'll meet again. [exunt.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Durazzo's
House.*

*Enter DURAZZO splendidly attired, followed by
PEREZ.*

DUR. Now Perez, give your happy master joy,
And change the title of your reverence
To suit his new condition. I am come,
Ennobled by the king, to mate with greatness.

PER. Thank Heaven, I live to call you lord ;
therefore,
My lord, I give you joy

DUR. Proclaim it far,

That those who mock'd my humble state may
gnaw

Their lips with envy. 'Tis not that I prize
The empty title for its empty sake ;
'Tis but a phrase ; yet, as the world is caught
With syllables, the phrase hath value in't,
And I would give it swelling currency
Throughout the realm.

PER. It shall not lack my voice.

DUR. I met a noble as I came, who thought
To look me out of favour with myself,
As he was wont to do. My soul was nigh
To burst its mortal bound as I rebuk'd him.

PER. But yonder look, where comes
Don Garcia through the vestibule.

DUR. Depart [*exit Perez.*
And let us be alone. What ! would he break
On my retirement rudely thus uncall'd—
No leave obtain'd—no question ask'd ; but in,
As if I kept a tavern for his highness ?

Enter GARCIA.

GAR. Durazzo !

DUR. Garcia !

GAR. How, my lord ?

DUR. My lord

Again, or Garcia, as you chuse to speak,
Addressing me.

GAR, 'Tis bold, Sir,—nay, methinks
You look but slightly upon your patron.

DUR. My patron !

GAR. I was so this morning.

DUR. True—

But see, 'tis mid-day now. Think'st thou yon
orb,

Who, on his glorious round, keeps half our earth
For ever in his beam, beholds no changes

In this diurnal planet, but the lapse
Of growing hours and seasons ?—think again ;
Trust me, there are more strange vicissitudes
Than one man standing by another's side,
Who never was above him, but in fortune.

GAR. I would keep down this swelling of my
heart

To reason calmly with your haughtiness.

DUR. My haughtiness !

GAR. Ay, haughtiness ; what else
Could breed this lofty tone ? Those trappings,
too,

But ill become the state of yesterday.

DUR. By your favour, Sir,
'Tis sometimes prudent to adorn our limbs,
That fools, who look no deeper, thence may see
We mean to be respected.

GAR. But to change,
As you have done, in dress, in manner, word,
And action, from the lowly thing you have been,
So suddenly, as if the flash of fortune
Had set your soul and body in a flame,
Is matter more for mirth than deference.

DUR. Indeed !

GAR. The world will laugh.

DUR. Advise the world
It laugh not out too loud.

GAR. You would not make
So huge a sacrifice as all mankind,
To your voracious anger.

DUR. I might chance
To know some voices in the jubilee,
And make amusement danger to the sharers.
Erewhile my pride was like an idle blade
That rusted in the scabbard ; now 'tis drawn,
And flourish'd o'er your heads—beware of it.

GAR. Have you not crawl'd your way to this ?

DUR

'Twas fate

Ordain'd it so ; but I have broke her spells,
And here stand up for my prerogative,
Enlarged, and free to act. What I have done
And suffer'd was necessity : what more
I do, shall be from choice, and speak the mind
Within me noble. But were I as vile
In birth, as penury begot on meanness,
Still, having won my place, I would assume
Its usage, honours, titles, and respects,
And in the teeth of scorn be dignified.

GAR. Yet hear me patiently.—Your tale this
morning

Hath wrought a purpose useful to the state.
Provoke not inquisition, by the spurns
You cast on others, lest yourself be found
No purer than you should, and what you've
done

Be, by your rashness, undone.

DUR.

Have you aught

To urge besides ?

GAR.

But to apply the rule.

Let no vindictive spirit 'gainst Benducar
Betray your passion to an act of rash
Revenge.—Bethink you, I have pass'd my word
That in due time he shall submit to you :
Bethink,—and pause.

DUR.

O ! as the insult fell

On me, I know how calmly you can bear it ;
Nor have I yet forgot, how light you made
This morning of the blow ; as if it were
A gnat that stung my flesh.—The hand which
strikes

Down from the clouds, may execute unquestion'd

The purposes of its omnipotence :—
 But that whose force a mortal shoulder wields,
 Strikes at its peril, and is answerable
 To God and man.

GAR. I came not here to listen to this rudeness.

DUR. Nay, I've some notion of the cause
 that brought you.

Was it to try the terror of your frown ?

GAR. Did I not raise you—make you what
 you are ?

DUR. With the king's help.

GAR. You sneer, but it was so.

DUR. Went your intention with it, when you
 knew not

My object nor my claim ?

GAR. No matter now ;

'Tis now enough to wonder at your fortunes.

DUR. You see in what a changeful world we
 live :

The beggar of to-day is rich to-morrow ;

The rich man poor—despised.

GAR. I'll hear no more.

DUR. Go home, and ponder on't. [*exit Gar.*
 So ; this is well. But next to take some course,
 Such as may mar the nuptials I have heard of,
 And lay Benducar prostrate at my feet.

[*exit Durazzo.*

SCENE III.—*An apartment in Benducar's house.*

Bridal preparations.—BENDUCAR, ALONZO, ZELINDA, PRIEST, attendants, &c. &c. discovered

BEN. Now, holy father, let the rites begin ;
 For time steals on apace, and we must seek
 On foreign shores our shelter, when the night,

Which comes advising home to other heads,
To us shall publish exile. My brave son
Alonzo, that our friends assembled here,
And all the world, may know how pure I hold
Your conduct, though traduced by evil tongues,
Take from my hand my daughter.

ALON. Such a gift,
Rich in itself, is richer still from thee ;
Crown'd with the noblest motive that can grace
A generous act. In war, you taught me how
To draw the sword, when honor gave command:
In peace, you teach me how to bear the stings
Of faction, hate, caprice,—
My guide in all things, good or fortunate !

BEN. Zelinda, speak—stand forward. If your tongue

Is palsy-struck, your hand can move. I ask it,
To give where I have named.

ZEL. Oh, hear me, Sir,
With patience.

BEN. Look around upon our guests,
And say, is this a time to pause, when all
Expect what all must well approve?

ALON. Yet listen
For my sake, noble friend. If in her eye
My favour is forbidding, I would rather
Leap from the battlements, and take my chance
For life with rocks beneath, than creep within
The fairest bosom, whose reluctant snows
Denied me. Chance may break the greatest fall;
But nothing can revive the drooping heart,
Or make aversion love.

BEN. She has not said
Her heart disown'd you ; no, some sudden folly
Hath seized her mind ; but she must choose
 between

Her father and that folly. Speak again,
And in another tone, or speak no more.
What ! do you still refuse ?

ZEL. But for a day.

BEN. Once and forever.

ZEL. Plead for me, Alonzo ;
'Tis hard to ask you to become my champion
Against yourself ; but to the noble mind,
There is no violence in sacrifice,
When pride and pity join to honour it.

ALON. My friend—

BEN. Peace, peace, would you be cozen'd thus
To ask ? She knows this night will bear you
hence ;

Nav, not an hour can 'lapse before the guards
Will lead you to the frontiers. Yield in time ;
Or let your father's curse—

ALON. Forbear, my lord
Oh, good Benducar ! never, for my sake,
Shall any curse fall on a child of your's ;
Much less the hardest curse of all—a father's.

BEN. She wrings it from me. Bid the priest
begone ;

I would not have his ears contaminate
With imprecations such as I must use.

ZEL. Hold, in mercy,
One moment—I obey.

ALON. That struggle cost
An agony beyond a thousand groans
Heaved by a thousand captives. Oh ! Zelinda,
Your virtue has subdued e'en love itself,
To think of nothing but your happiness.

BEN. What mean'st thou ?

ALON. To resign
All claim to this white trembling hand ; to prove
My admiration of her virtue, by

An act of justice and humanity.

ZEL. Alonzo, this is to be great indeed.

DUR. (*without.*) Stand off—make way there,
let the guards advance,
As on your peril you shall answer it!

Enter DURAZZO, Officer and guards.

ALON. Again, Durazzo! By my soul, you come
Right aptly to my wish. For all my wrongs
I give you broad defiance, and the lie
Which your own soul must echo. [*draws.*

DUR. Say you so?
The shortest quarrel is the sword's. I hate
The war of words when it is time for action:
My life to yours—Come on! [*they fight.*

ZEL. Part them, my father, part—

OFF. What means this tumult,
In scorn of law? My lord Durazzo, least
Of all becomes it you to have a share in't.

DUR. Then seize your prisoners; for, while
thus we stand,
In attitude to give and take offence,
It is the law of our antipathies
To strike.

OFF. Hold: I arrest you, lords—submit.

BEN. You are a soldier, and a gallant man;
Oh! let not such a slave prevail against us.

DUR. Conduct them hence, each to a separate
dungeon.

BEN. What, at your bidding!

DUR. Yes; the slave commands.

ALON. On what pretence is this audacity?

DUR. I'll tell you, for 'twill gall you.—'Twas
the sentence,
That from the city gates you should depart
Within a stated time. That time has just

Expired. For such contempt you must atone.
 This your abettor in the like offence,
 Who harbor'd you against the king's injunction,
 Incurs an equal penalty ;—and now
 I hope you're answer'd to your wish.

BEN.

I see—

I see it all. Her slow consent is now
 Accounted for. My curse is hers again.

ZEL. Look, on my knees, before this holy man,
 And all I love and fear below, my soul
 Is innocent of the abhorred charge
 You wrong me with, as light is innocent
 Of darkness.

ALON. Oh! believe it, Sir ; 'tis true—
 It must be true.

BEN

One only way is left
 To chase the fell suspicion from my mind :

What I ask—I claim—

That from her heart she banish yonder fiend,
 And, on the instant, swear, by every power,
 Divine and human, never to be his.

ZEL. I swear.

DUR. Zelinda—pause—deny—retract.

ZEL. 'Tis register'd in heaven.

DUR.

Heaven has no ear
 For such an oath ; 'tis barbarous, unjust,
 Ungrateful.

BEN. Have we found the means to reach
 Your stubborn bosom ?—Bless, Oh, bless my
 child !

ZEL. My father !

BEN

Sweet, farewell !

[*The guards bear off BENDUCAR and ALONZO.*]

ZEL.

I follow you.

DUR. Zelinda !

ZEL. Would you speak with me ?

DUR. A moment—
Think on the wrongs I suffer'd.

ZEL. In your own
Dark breast they have their record. I must
think

On those you can inflict. [exit.

DUR. And have I lost her?
The daughter gone; the father in my power;
My rival too! Thus bad and good unite,
And both distract me; but the good prevails.
'Tis not upon the top of fortune's wheel
That we should quarrel with our destinies.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

An apartment in Durazzo's house.

Enter DURAZZO and PEREZ.

DUR. Did I not bid that none should enter
here?

PER. I thought, my lord, Benducar's daughter might.—

DUR. His daughter!—she shall come: what!
are they humbled—

Those spirits of the high patrician port?
And can they bend and sue, who stand so straight
When others bend?—Admit her: and observe;
There rose some tumult in the street but now,
Go learn the cause, the times are full of danger.

[exit Perez.

I must not flinch one atom from my purpose;
Not though she weep: what are her tears to me
And my revenge? Madam!— [enter Zelinda.

ZEL. My lord, I come a suitor.

DUR. For whom?

For you.—

ZEL. For one I dare not name.

DUR. Then let
Your tongue obey your heart.

ZEL. In doing so
The stronger feeling will at last prevail,
And that is for your captive—for my father.

DUR. Came you from him ?

ZEL. I did ; but yet without
His privity :—he knows not that I came.

DUR. 'Tis strange ; for sure he might have
pleaded favours
Conferr'd on me, to challenge like for like,
And draw down mercy on the merciful.

ZEL. This is no accent to address to grief ;
If you must needs refuse, refuse in mildness—
Or even in anger :—irony bespeaks
A pleasure in the pain it aggravates.

DUR. To set aside my other wrongs, reflect
How shortly since his word prevail'd with you
To cancel all your vows.

ZEL. What could I do ?
He would have cursed me.

DUR. Cursed you ! if he had—
A curse is but a wish, and you should know
What human wishes are. The foot of power
Is on him now,—the foot of enmity ;
Think'st thou a woman's arts can lift him up,
Against the strength and sinew of revenge ?
Impossible.

ZEL. 'Tis true, I have no claim
Pretend to none ; perhaps you ought to hate us ;
But, in this trying moment, let the voice
Of my distress plead as distress, and win you
To mercy, as you'd spare a vanquish'd foe
For mercy's sake alone.—

DUR. It is not always

A merit to forgive.

ZEL.

It is, for ever:

The stamp of Heaven is on it. Oh! Durazzo,
Ambition's self should love it, for 'tis power
Exerted in forbearance, proved in peace;
'Tis like the God who gave it us, unchanging,
And angels praise it everlastingly.

DUR. I thought not to have met you, thus
unmann'd:

Zelinda, you will own I saved your life.

If I had saved my dog's—that dog had thank'd
me—

Grown fond of me. It is a claim that wakes
In brutal natures the humanity
Of gratitude. You talk of mercy well;
But why did you forget to shew it me?

ZEL. 'Tis for its own sake, not for mine, I
ask it——

Think of my father's age, his reverend locks,
The silver there
Would shame the touch of any injury,
Think even of me, who have no mother's care
To pay me for a father's torn away
With like protection. If, as you have said,
You loved me once, keep so much fondness back
As yet may warm compassion in your breast
For one that loved as well; and do not join
With nature to complete my orphanage.

DUR. Mine ears are shut.

ZEL. Ay, but your heart is open. I can reach it
Thus, with my lifted hands, my streaming eyes,
This posture!—(*Kneeling.*) They prevail.

I see the struggle—

The victory. Upon your forehead stand
Huge drops of pain; those are the tears that melt

Even when the burning sight is dry beneath.

DUR. You have prevail'd—subdued me.

Take—take this ;

'Twill ope the dungeon gates : take it, but fly
Before my reason comes loaded with wrongs
To chide my weakness. Go—and go for ever.

ZEL. For ever, then, in this sad world,
farewell !

And may we meet in that bright land of peace
Where passion rules no more ! [*Exit Zelinda.*

DUR. Amen ! say I.

Ambition, I will worship thee alone ;
And, from the fitful passions of revenge
And love, escape to thy great altar. Lift me
Above this petty conflict of the mind,
And take me all. Ha ! Perez, welcome.

Enter PEREZ.

PER. Alas ! my lord, I come with fearful tidings.
I went into the street as you commanded,
To find the cause of the disorder there.

DUR. Well, what report you ?

PER. Thick the people throng'd,
For such a sight Grenada's populace
Ne'er saw before. Along the public highway
Her minister, Don Garcia, with his nephew,
Antonio, both were led in chains ; the charge
Against them treason.

DUR. This is news, indeed !

PER. But furthermore, 'tis said Alonzo takes
Command within the city, to repel
The advancing Moor

DUR. Alonzo take command !

PER. Benducar, too, is summon'd of the
council.

DUR. What day is this o' the month ?

as a good subject and a pious Christian ought. But where is Durazzo in this season of danger?

FIRST CIT. A heavy suspicion hangs over him, since the spies were seized and the Moor's dispatches to Lord Garcia discovered. Ha! look, if here be not the rest of our neighbors.

Enter a Body of CITIZENS.

FIRST CIT. Well, what is the latest news?

THIRD CIT. The enemy are expected to-morrow, and a notice is posted up in the public square, requesting that no person, gentle or simple, will be dastardly enough to leave the city in its distress.

SECOND CIT. No, no: we shall leave it before the distress comes on, and so fulfil the proclamation.—But yonder is the general himself.

THIRD CIT. He has been calling at every house, and making barranques in every crowd, to prove what a fine thing it is to get run thro' the stomach for a patriot.

SECOND CIT. My stomach has no appetite for cold steel: so he may prove what he likes; but he shall never prove me a fool: so here goes for warmer food. *(Going.)*

FIRST CIT. Nay, let us not desert him before his face: for now that he is found to be an innocent man, and a brave man, he is entitled to some attention.—Let us hear him for a while patiently and respectfully, and then we may run away like gentlemen.

Enter ALONZO.

ALON. How now, friends; whither haste you?

SECOND CIT. From the city,

Whose gates are threaten'd by th' invading Moor.

ALON. And haste you from the city threaten'd
thus ?

SECOND CIT. We dare not stay.

ALON. Were you not born here ?

SECOND CIT. Truly,

Grenada gave us birth.

ALON. It took some time

To train you up to the full state of manhood ;

And all that time you pass'd here ?

SECOND CIT. You have guess'd

Aright.

ALON. Your trades you learned and practised
here ?

SECOND CIT. We did.

ALON. And now, on the first show of danger,
Before a sword is drawn, or a spear broken—

Nay, even before an enemy appears—

The place that gave you birth, that bred you up

To man's condition, taught you trades to rise by,

Was mother, nurse, instructor, patron to you,

Is shunn'd like an infected house, because

You hold the noble attribute of life

Worth all the virtues in the calendar.

FIRST CIT. We know the city long, and love
it well,

But cannot bring it help.

ALON. Not with your backs to't.—

I thought the sturdy tough plebeian heart

Made, like the oak, for storms : it used to be.

Your bodies you should consecrate to death,

Rather than shame them thus. What can you
hope

From flight ? to starve—to be pursued—be
trodden

In some dark ditch. Hang your heads for shame,
And crawl into some kennel, which the dogs
Have left, to bark at the rude noise of war :
The holes they shun would serve to shelter you.

SECOND CIT. What could our numbers do ?

ALON. What could the rest,
If all, like you, were bent to save themselves ?

FIRST CIT. We had no leader.

ALON. Had you not the cause
Of an endanger'd country ? How ! no leader !
What leader had you when you ran away ?
Oh ! you can run by instinct ; but, to stand
When danger threatens, is an art you know not.
Yet, come ! reform this error, and repair
Straight to the citadel ; there call for arms,
And, with the noblest of your countrymen,
Aspire to use 'em nobly.

FIRST CIT. What say you ?

SECOND CIT. I care not if I go,

THIRD CIT. Nor I.

ALL. Nor we.

ALON. Those words become your gallant
hearts. Now, now
You talk like Spaniards, and the foe hath lost
His spell upon you.
If we survive and conquer, 'twill be fame ;
If we perform and die, 'twill still be fame ;
And fame ennobled by the sacrifice
Great natures know to make, when great demands
Inspire the choice of dying. Follow me :
Bring with you blows ; strike, as the trumpet
sounds,
Through all the field. The foe will meet you
fiercely ;
But, when your desperation looks at him,
He'll stand aghast ; his noisy troops will pause

Of panic, like some thundering cataract
Bound up in frost, as silent as the power
That smote it in the air. Now for Grenada.
(*exeunt.*)

SCENE III.—*Moontlight.—A Garden belonging
to Benducar's House.*

Enter DURAZZO wrapped in a cloak.

DUR. This is the spot. Benducar should be
nere

Already. What if he should fail to take
His custom'd walk ! There is a chill damp air
Abroad, which, through the senses, comes upon
The inmost soul with dews of melancholy.
How awful is this wide repose !
Nature is laid within the arms of silence ;
As if this earth were but the shadow of
Some other world. And can I trust
My passion with an enemy who smote—
Degraded—cuffed me as a froward boy
Is taught his manners, or the drudging team
To mead its pace ? Sustain me in this trial,
Sweet patience, and lock up the memory
That fills the vessels of my heart with gall,
And stamps on shame the color of revenge.
His age again shall save him. Hark ! he comes--
No ; 'twas the falling of some wither'd leaf,
That left its branch as men drop off by time
From the green stem of life. Again—'tis he !

Eater BENDUCAR.

Hail, and good night !

BEN. Who's there ? a stranger !—speak.

DUR. No stranger to your name and worth,
Benducar,

And yet no friend to either.

BEN. Are you come

To taunt—to threaten me ? Within there, help !

DUR. Another word as loud, and we drop dead
Together with the sound.

BEN. Assassin, off!——

DUR. I come not to despoil you of your wealth;
Nor to the peace and honor of your house
Bring aught of harm. But hence disguise—
you see

I am no common felon. (*Throwing off his cloak.*

BEN. Ha ! Durazzo !

More welcome were the felon at my door ;
Nay, in my chamber.

DUR. Yes ; the face of those
We injure hath its terrors.

BEN. You and I

Can never meet to settle wrongs in peace ;
'Tis absence only can suspend our hatred.

DUR. I sought you not to bend the knee be-
fore you,
Nor with my tongue to flatter, where I loathe ;
But, in such accent as becomes a man,
To tell what I suspect, and, on the ground
Of fair equivalent, demand an answer.

BEN. I long to hear the favour and the claim.

DUR. You would not stand indebted to a foe ?

BEN. Not for my life !

DUR. You know I gave you freedom. 'Tis
not too much

To ask in fair return, in honesty
Of mutual dealing, that the plots (for there
Do my suspicions tend,) the plots now ripe,
Or ripening for my ruin—nay 'tis so—
Should, in your tongue's confession, reach mine
ear,

To guard me from the whisper'd artifice.

BEN. You take me for a prophet.

DUR. To be plain,

I know the king, Alonzo, and your-self,
Held conference to-day. It may concern
My welfare much to understand your counsel,
And therefore have I come to question you.

BEN. First for your claim, vain man—I owe
you nothing:—

Thank Heaven I do not. Even the gift of freedom,
Coming from you, I had no relish for,
But spurn'd it. 'Twas the king delivered me.

DUR.

Ha!—

BEN. Next for the boon:—whatever works
against you

In public or in private, on the throne
Of day, or at the altar of the night,
Must find in me a friend,—not a betrayer.

DUR. Remember where we stand:—you are
not now

[moved ;

In fields where, at your word, whole armies
But here alone. The winds that pause above you
Will not at your command bring up their force,
Nor send their loud battalions thundering
To wake the drowzy sleepers of your house,
That they may help you. Old you are, and feeble,
And in my power. Let that instruct you how
You ought to act, and give a wiser answer.

BEN. 'Tis lost on me. I am too old to learn,
And old enough to die. What I've sworn to do,
I will perform ; and that is, to be secret.

DUR. Beware the danger. You have wrong'd
me much ;

So wrong'd me, that the fiercest appetite
Of vengeance, were it human, should relent
And stay its persecution. When I sought

A soldier's name, you cross'd and thwarted me ;
When, as I will confess, I loved your daughter,
First having rescued her,—there, there again,
You met me with despair ; and when at last
You struck.—Oh, that my tongue should ever
tell

Of blows endured and unavenged !—your life
Was mine by every law. Would you do more,
And hope to live ? Again, beware the danger.

BEN. If I must die, it shall not be without
Resistance : threats prepare, not shake my soul.

DUR. Oh, that you were but young, or I as old !
Then weapons, and not words, should pass be-
tween us.

I will not stain my manhood with your blood ;
And, though forbearance may be fatal to me,
Your rancour yet may breathe. But, hold—
there is

One fault, one injury, to be redress'd.
'Till now, we never stood alone together,
Since I received your blow. To cancel it
Is past your power ; but you may yet apply
Some kind regret to calm the throbbing sense :
I would not go into my grave thus branded ;
And, as 'tis like we ne'er shall meet again,
I ask for some submission.

BEN. If, indeed,
I did repent me, you should hear the same ;
But not repenting, 'twere a lie to say so.

DUR. Ha ! would you justify the foul disgrace ?

BEN. I would not stoop my mind to think of it.

DUR. Behold this ring !—it was your daugh-
ter's gift—

A gift I prized : nay, 'twas a pledge of faith
Since vanish'd. I restore it back again
To her—to you ; and now hostility

Is all the bond between me and Benducar.

BEN. I would not have it otherwise.

DUR. Nor I ;

But hence you stir not 'till you do me right—

Confess—crave pardon.

BEN. Pardon !

DUR. Is't not meet

For such an insult ?

BEN. Give me way.

DUR. One word

Is all I ask. (*Laying hold of him.*)

BEN. Unhand me. (*Struggling to get loose.*)

DUR. But a word——

BEN. Away ! 'tis ruffian violence to hold

My garment thus : I will be free, or fall.

Abhorred fiend release me.

DUR. What ! a blow !—

Another blow !!—the second must be fatal.

Benducar, draw ; draw, and defend your life !

[*Draws his sword, and rushes on Benducar, beats down his sword and kills him.*]

DUR. Dead, in an instant ! So I am revenged :

He strikes no more. Now burn, ye angry lights,

That to this fated hour have led me on !

The work is yours ; burn, therefore, in your

spheres, [Perez !

That hell may feel you. Where—where am I ?

Methinks I am an outcast from the name

And race of man ;—the enemy, and not

The fellow of their kind.—I'll seek some cave,

And have myself there chained to a rock,

Lest I should murder others in my madness.

Ha ! voices—hush !—Be they of Heaven,

Of earth, or hell, it is my doom to fly them.

[*exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in Benducar's House.*

ZELINDA and LEONORA are discovered with attendants.

ZEL. It was the clash of swords. There's murder done,
And in the garden where my father walk'd.
Keep off! 'tis cruel thus to bar my way,
When, with a hunter's fury, I should drive
Through bush and brake —

LEON. Are there not others gone
In search of him?—Confused and agonized,
Hopedst thou to find him out?

ZEL. Him, or despair!

LEON. Behold! they come who sought him.
Now—'tis now
The time to call on Heaven.

ZEL. First, let them speak:
Then, if I can, I'll pray.

Enter MESSENGERS.

LEON. What news?—They're silent!
Yet there's a fearful haste within their eyes
That would have utterance, but for something
still
More fearful that prevents their tongues.

FIRST MES. Alas!

ZEL. Does horror bring you here, and do you
pause
For language to express your mission?—What
Can happen here so bad as what you've look'd on
Though I dropp'd dead at mention of your tale,
If what you saw was murder?

FIRST MES. We must e'en
Confess the truth—your father is no more!

ZEL. I thought so ; yet I cannot hear it now
And keep my senses : shew me where he lies ;
Oh ! Heaven, my father dead ! Did you say dead ?
So good, so kind, so merciful—and dead !

FIRST MRS. 'Tis hard to say it, but we found
him with

His sword beside him, drawn as in defence,—
The point was bloodless, but the handle stain'd.

ZEL. And no life gone but his, and no wretch
living

But me.

LEON. There must be one more wretched still,
While the assassin breathes.

ZEL. Let him be found !

If all our forms are not a mockery—

Find him out, and punish him.

If murder 'scapes, make laws for kites and crows ;
But not for men : the name of law is weakness.

MES. We hope to seize the monster soon.

This ring, *(Shewing a ring.*

Which lying next the body we espied,

May haply yet discover him to justice.

ZEL. A ring !—ha ! let me see,—'Twere better
rave,

And from the cup of madness, pledge the moon,
Than look on this with reason.

LEON. What dire secret
Hath started from that token ?

ZEL. 'Twas my mother's :
She put it on my hand O Heaven ! and I—
I gave it—

LEON. Speak—to whom ?

ZEL. To him—Durazzo ;
The murderer !—my father's murderer !

LEON. Down on him fall, thou bitter penalty

Of conscience !

ZEL. No ; the rack, which strains the limbs
And tears the joints, can better minister
To my substantial fury. Once I loved him ;
But now my hate--Oh ! save me from that hate ;
Lest, with my woman's voice, I shock the ear
Of blessedness, and grow a fiend with cursing.

FIRST MES. There is no time to lose. Let us
away

And seek this same Durazzo. (*exeunt Messengers*)

ZEL. Are they gone ?

LEON. You see they are.

ZEL. And sure to make him captive ?

LEON. The next to certain.

ZEL. He was born to be
My ruin and his own. But when he's dead,
And the offending arm is level with
The common dust, 'twill be no crime, I hope,
To lay him in the earth, and cover him,
And give one shriek back at the memory
Of what he was.

LEON. Nay, think of him no more.

ZEL. Oh, father! father! has my grief no voice
To reach thee in thy distance, cold and far
As being changed ? What lights are those ?--
ha ! torches !--

What need of such to make the church-yard gay ;
To gild with pomp the cities of the dead ;
Those bare republics ? Come ! we'll follow close ;
It is my father's funeral !--come on !
He was a hero, and I know him by
The plumes, that wave in victory, and wave
In death, as flaunting as in victory. (*exeunt.*)

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Wood.**Enter DURAZZO.*

DUR. Methought I heard the voice of Perez
call me ;

But, 'twas so mingled with remember'd groans,
And now and then the summons of the drum
Beating to arms, I could not follow it.
What noise was that ? *(Noise without.*

Enter PEREZ.

PER. My lord ! my lord Durazzo !
'Tis Perez calls.

DUR. Ah ! Perez, have I still
A friend in thee ?

PER. My lord, a faithful servant ;
But you are wet and cold. Where did you sleep
Last dreadful night ?

DUR. 'Mongst fiends, in hell.

PER. For pity's sake,
Fix not your eyes thus on the vacant air.

DUR. I see him every where.

PER. 'Tis weakness to be moved in this ex-
treme ;

If, as I hold most likely, he provoked
His fate.

DUR. He did. You know he struck me once—
He struck again. I bade him arm against me ;
He arm'd him ; but the fury in my soul
Had broken through a guard of Hercules :
My blow was death :—he fell.

PER. Then learn to think on't
But as the fatal issue of a quarrel ;—
You see it was no more.

DUR. But then the shame—
 The pity too.—but more, the shame, the shame:
 An old man's blood upon a young man's hand!
 Zefinda's father's blood upon Durazzo!
 Oh! when he dropp'd, his head was white as
 snow:

Could I have breath'd my own life into him,
 He should have lived to see his child again.

PER. Unhappy lady!

DUR. What of her?—I charge you—

PER. The shock bereaved her mind. She
 went distracted—

Past hope of medicine's healing.

DUR. Did she then

Suspect *my* hand?

PER. A ring you dropp'd betray'd you.

DUR. That ring she gave me with a smile so
 sweet,

You'd think the soul it shone upon could ne'er
 Be touch'd with anger more. She gave it me
 In love: I dipp'd it in her father's heart,
 And sent it back in blood. But, if I live,
 For th' ungrateful deed she shall have justice,
 That, like the terror of a prodigy,
 Shall wake the death within her mind, to look
 And tremble at it.

PER. Oh! my lord, your speech
 Is wild on this afflicting theme. 'Twere best
 Consider how to meet the charge, than thus
 Unfit yourself.

DUR. Peace! I fear not the law,
 As thieves and plunderers fear it, for its pains—
 Its penalties. 'Tis not the body's fall,
 Nor the mind's flight; but the dishonor stamp'd
 Upon the memory, that shakes my nature.

PER. Consider, therefore, what had best be done.

DUR. The noblest course is action. All night long

I heard the martial preparations which
Denote a coming siege. Methought I heard
The death-drum, too, at the first dawn. Was't
fancy ?

PER. 'Twas true, my lord ; for Garcia and
Anthonio
Were executed then by the king's order.

DUR. I thought as much. Well ; they deserved to die :

But to our purpose. I must
To join the approaching conflict.

PER. You ! my lord.

DUR. Find me some fit disguise, Nay, look
not doubting :

The king has been my friend ; the people's love
Has follow'd me in days of scorn, and cheer'd
My heart when great ones chill'd it. I would pay
Those favours, both at once ; 'find the disguise.
What tongue can say, but fortune may confer
One boon at parting ; some illustrious feat—
Some gallant rescue ? Death's a formal thing
In jails, on scaffolds, or on beds of down ;
But in the field—there he throws off his shroud,
And full of mettle as a courser, starts
The comrade, not the tyrant, of the brave !

PER. You mean to seek for death, not risk it
merely ?

DUR. Ay, ay, to knock for entrance at the
grave.

PER. I'll do your bidding straight ; and the
design,

Though terrible to thought. I grieve to say,
I cannot wish abandon'd. Since we parted,
My tongue, the bearer oft of heavy news,
Has learnt another tale I now may speak of.

DUR. Now, or at any time. Combine the whole
Into one thunderbolt, and strike it at me,
You'll find me firm.

PER. Vincenzo—

DUR. Ha!

PER. Is living—

Here in Grenada living. His return
Belies the letter that condemn'd Alonzo,
And thus o'erthrows your credit with the king.

DUR. That I must feel, for that affects my
fame.

The herald from the camp deceived us then?

PER. He was himself deceived, and all, A
trance,

Long held Vincenzo in its cold embrace!
And wounds and gashes, in the fight received,
Gave countenance to the belief of death,
Whose outward shape he wore to all observers.

DUR. Hath chance a soul, that it should hate
me thus?

But 'tis too late to vent complaints. Begone!
I'll wander hereabout 'till you return
With the disguise, and then I've done com-
manding.

Yet hold; when I am dead, if I should fall
During the day's encounter, bear me to
The convent of our lady, where Zelinda
'Bides with the sisterhood.

PER. Doubt not, my lord.

DUR. I cannot doubt. I know you'll do so
much

For one you've followed long and faithfully.

PER. Your life, I trust, will spare me such a task.

DUR. If so, 'twill leave a harder task for me.
[*exceunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The court.*

Enter KING, ALONZO, and nobles.

KING. Benducar's murder shall be well avenged ;

But good Alonzo, 'tis no time for mourning.
When at our very gates the enemy
Makes bold to knock.

ALON. He shall be answer'd quickly.
My soul, indeed, is sad ; yet argue not,
Because my soul is sad, my passion feels
The loss disposed to combat. Grief, grown
savage

From lack of tears, consorts with slaughter well,
And makes a lion of calamity

KING. Are all our faithful citizens in arms
To aid the troops ?

LORD. All, all :—they flock in crowds ;
And from the rampart heights, with brandish'd
blades,

Beckon the foe in their impatience.

I saw a mother set her child astride

A howstzer.—and when the infant smiled,
Call on the men to smile like him in action.

KING. Whether by force, or fraud, the wily
Moor

Hath overreach'd our army, to arrive
And give us fight beneath our very walls,
Appears not yet from our advices.

Enter an OFFICER.

Say,

What news report you now ?

OFF. The enemy
Is in the plain and forming to assail us.

KING. Ourself will join the fray. To you,
Alonzo,

Our young patricians look : the noblest blood
In Spain shall make your charge invincible.

ALON. Now, lords, prepare ! The Moor, the
Moor is come

To beard us in our streets : Grenada blushes,
But trembles not. You, the nobility,
Have interest in peril to assert
Your right to honours, by your worth to wear
'em :

Come, fling your coronets into the field,
And win them back again that none may say
Your titles rusted from inaction.
Haste to your horses--mount--the battle waits;
'Tis tumult and not war, 'till you are there.

[flourish of trumpets.

We'll ride not till they fly.—Behold, they come !
Engage them foot to foot, and hand to hand ;
And, from this day's bold memory, begin
A new account, with glory for yourselves,
And those who follow.—On, my friends, fall on
Let's envy even the dead who are before us
In gracing such a scene of enterprize.

Trumpets, &c.—Exit.

SCENE III.—*A Field of Battle.*

Enter DURAZZO and the MOORISH CHIEF fighting,

CHIEF. Base Spaniard, yield ! I am the
Moorish Chief.

DUR. Proud Infidel! your vanity hath lost you.
Were you of lesser note, you might have 'scaped
My sword, but death sha'n't miss you now.

CHIEF. My boast is in my sword.

DUR. This to confound it.

[They fight; Durazzo kills him.]

Enter PEREZ.

PER. Well met, my Lord.

DUR. Ha! Perez, honest heart,
Good morrow, once again! how fares it boy?
There lies the leader of the enemy.

PER. Thank Heaven! the honour was re-
serv'd for you!

DUR. Yes: I forgive my stars.

Enter a SOLDIER.

SOLD. The King!—the King!—haste-
rescue!

DUR. Out with it,
What of the King?

SOLD. In yonder narrow pass
The foe surround him. *[Exit Soldier.]*

DUR. Now for such a deed
As makes it worth a brave man's while to
perish. *[Exit Durazzo and Perez.]*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

Enter two LORDS meeting.

FIRST LORD. How goes the day?

SECOND LORD. With us such prodigies
Of valour have no living memory,
Nor trace in all our records. Where I stood
A house was seen in flames, which the wind blew
Across our ranks, but never stirred a man.

The fight,—the fire,
Was scarce a human sight : it look'd a hell,
And the red faces of our citizens
And troops engaged, the furies raving in it.

FIRST LORD. What of Alonzo ?

SECOND LORD. By his skill and courage,
The right wing of the enemy was turn'd,
And thus ensured the victory. He comes

Enter ALONZO.—(Trumpets sound for victory.)

ALON. I bring you tidings of the King escape.
Capture or death awaited him but now,
When a bold band, Durazzo at their head,
(Whose vices left him for a single day)
Brought back a monarch and a conqueror.

FIRST LORD. The Heavens be praised ! and
is Durazzo safe ?

ALON. It is unknown. The rescue made,
he plunged
Amid the thickest fray : all eyes pursued
His plume ;—it disappear'd ; 'tis thought he fell :
But, where he last was seen, the ground is
strew'd

With carcasses. He left his fiery mark
Upon the battle, as the bolt of Heaven
Splinters the rock.

SECOND LORD He was a gallant man.

ALON. His fortune to the last astonishes.
But haste we to congratulate the King,
And learn what remnant of our gallant friends
This slaughterous hour hath left.

FIRST LORD We will attend you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The inside of a Convent.*

Enter ZELINDA, LEONOZA, and ABBESS.

LEON. Alas ! she wanders still—wide, wide
from reason ;

When, even the terrors of a day like this
Moved not her fear,—not even her notice.

ABBESS.

Truly

Her heart is overcharged : its vessels fill'd
With misery of its own, can echo to
None other. How she sighs ! Oh ! speak to her.

LEON. Do you not know me, gentle friend ?

ZEL. How should I ?

The world was peopled once with friends of mine,
When my dear father lived ; but now they say
He's dead, and all my friends have left me too ;
Yet you're a gentle lady, on whose face
I look with pleasure, for 'tis sorrowful.

LEO. 'Tis sorrowful indeed to see you thus.

ZEL. Well, you may soon be satisfied ; for
death

May come as soon to me as to my father.

Oh ! can so great a change as death be wrought
In such an instant ?—Life will scarce believe it.

Now living, moving, speaking, loving me—

And now insensible as yonder cloud

That makes, not hears, the thunder. Are the
drums

To beat no more ?

LEO. Peace is restored, thank heaven !

ZEL. Peace ! what is peace ? You call the
silence, peace,

That trembles after slaughter : nay, you give

The artful trick of nations, who will pause

But to gain strength, and so begin again,

The blessed name of peace ! But if within
 It dwell not—if its spirit be not here—
 You talk a language, wilder than the wind
 Conversing with the night, to call it peace,
 When 'tis but quiet. Misery is quiet,
 And I am quiet. Would I were at peace.

LEO. You see she noted the loud uproar too.
 Is not this strange ?

ABB. 'Tis oft with madness thus,
 That though to outward seeming, it observe not
 The present thought or action, future chance
 Will touch some string, that shews the memory,
 In her crazed dwelling, to have treasured it.

Enter a Nun.

NUN. Oh, holy mother, such a sight !

ABB. Say, daughter, what sight ?

NUN. A wounded warrior at the gate,
 Faint from the loss of blood, entreats admit-
 tance.

ABB. Be he of Spain, such comfort as the
 place
 Affords shall never be denied to him.

NUN. He is of Spain ; and by his dress and
 bearing,
 Of no inferior note.

ABB. Conduct him hither. [*exit Nun.*]

LEO. I can look on the dead, but not the dying,
 And this man comes to die

ABB. He's here already.

Enter DURAZZO, wounded and bloody.

LEO. Merciful powers ! Durazzo ! Come,
 my friend, [*to Zelinda.*]
 This is no place—this is no sight for you.

DUR. Force not the beauteous ruin from
 mine eyes,

For I am come to gaze on it and die.

LEO. Have you not done enough to make her wretched ?

DUR. No ; I must search her heart with one pang more,

And then my fate's fulfill'd.

LEO 'Tis monstrous wrong,

DUR. 'Tis justice, and not wrong, that brings me here.

Good mother, pardon me this seeming rudeness ;
[to the Abbess.

The battle fever still is in my brain
And shoots my words out angrily ; but I
Am grateful. Let me have a moment's speech
With yonder sweet unconscious sufferer,
Then, for my soul, say masses.

ABB. Will you consent ?

He will not harm her. [to Leonora.

DUR Harm her ! If my heart,
Torn from its living cell, could give her rest
Or respite, you should see it at her feet :—
This hand should shew it you. Harm her !
harm heaven !

Either were impious and impossible.

ABBESS. I said you would not.

DUR Look at her, Oh ! look,
And judge how true you spoke. Is she not lovely
And innocent, and gentle as the zephyr,
That blows the odour of the blossom round,
But never hurts the bloom ? Harm her ! my life !
A devil could not harm her.

ZEL. Ha ! that voice !

There is but one voice in the world I know,
And that it is I hear. What feeling's this ?

A sudden change, a consciousness I had not,
Breaks on the dark infirmity of mind—
Is madness giving way within me?

LEON.

Go :

The terror of your presence— (*To Durazzo.*

DUR.

Wakes her reason :

You would not, therefore, have me leave your
friend !

She faints—(*Zelinda falls into Leonora's arms.*)

Now she revives, and the blue orbs
Of meaning gather up their beams in thought.
She knows me—yes, she knows me ! O, Zelinda !
I dare not clasp you, but I'll weep with you.

ZEL. Stand off ! By what miraculous power
you wield

My senses at your will, I know not ; but,
As you have power, have saintly pity in
The exercise. Let me be mad again.
Ha ! Are you not a murderer ?

DUR.

Behold—

I bleed while you reproach.

ZEL.

Is't your own blood ?

Sweet Leonora, are you with me too ?

Oh ! pity him. 'Twould be a crime in me.

LEON. Pray you retire.

(*To Durazzo.*

DUR.

Will she not hear me first ?

ZEL. Some other time.

DUR.

I stand upon the verge

Of time, and you must hear me now or never

ZEL. What would you ask ?

DUR.

Forgive—

ZEL.

But that I see

The rapid strides of life to get away
From your embrace, I dare not utter pardon ;

Yet, as we shall be soon in separate worlds,
Bear my forgiveness with you to the next.

DUR. Kneeling, I thank you ; and thus measuring
The distance which my crimes should set between us,

Even after pardon, I stretch out mine arms
To bless—but not to touch you.

ZEL. Oh ! Durazzo,
There was a time—

DUR. Talk of that time, sweet maid ;
Ambition stifled love awhile ; but now
Love comes, as if to peep into my grave.
You said there was a time ! say on.

ZEL. Forget it ;
For then my father lived, and you were guiltless.
You weep !

DUR. If lions weep, they weep such tears.
There is more anguish in one drop of mine
Than floods that fall from patient gentleness ;
For mine are tortured from me : others flow,
But mine are tears that bleed.

ZEL. Dry them, and leave me !

DUR. Zelinda, we shall never meet again ;
'Twere wrong that we should part till all is
perfect.

ZEL. What is there more ?

DUR. I will not pain you with
The story of my wrongs, nor strive to palliate
My great offences ; what I could I did
This day to make atonement to the state.
But you, whom most I love, I most have injured.
No matter what contemptuous spurns, what
taunts,

What provocations, drove me to the deed,
 Nor what high domineering of the stars :
 'Twas cruelty to you ; and, being so,
 Shall be revenged.

ZEL. I understand you not ;
 Your eye is wild with passion.

DUR. Look on me
 For the last time.

ZEL. What mean you ?

DUR. To be just.

ZEL. Be merciful and leave me.

DUR. Doubt it not.

My hour is come. Look on me once—now turn
 Thy face away. Farewell, thou last remember'd !
 Death makes a sluggish journey in my veins,
 But thus I bid him haste. [*Stabs himself.*]

ZEL. Almighty Heaven !

DUR. The blood upon this dagger be the seal
 Of peace between us.

ZEL. Oh ! Durazzo.

DUR. Speak !

For in such accents angels speak of mercy.

ZEL, I cannot.

DUR. Then farewell ! The silent look
 Shall satisfy,—and now—you are revenged.

[*Dies.*]

ZEL He's dead ! Durazzo's dead ! The hand
 that saved

My life is lifeless ; but I'll kiss the clay.
 Who's there ? my father ! interposing ; frowning !
 I bow me to the interdict, and leave
 The body to its last receptacle.

LEON. Haste from this scene, my friend.

ZEL. Oh, Leonora ! [*Faints.*]

For I am come to gaze on it and die.

LEO. Have you not done enough to make her wretched ?

DUR. No ; I must search her heart with one pang more,

And then my fate's fulfill'd.

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 I bow me to the interdict, and leave
 The body to its last receptacle.

LEON. Haste from this scene, my friend.

ZEL. Oh, Leonora !

[*Faints.*]

Enter KING, PEREZ, Nobles, &c.

PER. Alas ! my fears were true ; there lies
Durazzo.

KING. The night upon his brow is that alone
In which his troubled spirit could find rest ;
But he shall lie amongst the gallant slain,
And his last deeds shall speak his epitaph.

FINIS.



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